

*The Historie of*

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgive me,  
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
VVe will stay your leysure.

*Hot.* I haue done yfaith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,  
And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane  
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons  
VVhich I shall fend you written, be assurde  
Will easily be granted you my Lord.  
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble Prelate welbelow'd  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of Yorke, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who bears hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*:  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staies but to be hold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.

*Nor.* Before the game is afoote, thou still letst slip.

*Hot.* VVhy it cannot choose but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,  
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly wel aimed.

*Wor.* and tis no little reason bids vs speede,  
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:  
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth beginne  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hotspur.*

*Henry*

*Hot.* He does, he does, weel.

*Wor.* Coofin, Farewel. No f  
Then I by Letters shal direct y  
VVhen time is ripe, which wil  
He steale to Glendower, and lo  
VVhere you and Douglas, and  
As I wil fashion it, shal happily  
To beare our fortunes in our c  
VVhich now we hold at much

*Nor.* Farewel good brother,

*Hot.* Vncle adieu: O let the ho  
Till fields, and Blowes, and gro

*Enter a Carrier with a*

1 *Car.* Heigh he, An it be not  
Charles waine is ouer the new  
packt. VVhat Ostler?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat  
the point, poore iade is wrung

*Enter another Ca*

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes a  
is the next way to giue poore i  
ned vpside downe since Robin

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer io  
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the r  
don roade for fleas, I am stung

1 *Car.* Like a tench; by the  
sten could be better bit, then I

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow  
leake in your chimney, and you  
loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come a

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of B  
to be deliuered as far as Charin

2 *Car.* Godsbody, the Turk  
ued: what Ostler? a plagu on th  
head; canst not heare, & t were